













# Oxford County Advertiser.

[Entered as second-class mail matter.]

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**—One year \$1.50; eight months, \$1.00; six months, 75 cents; four months, 50 cents; three months, 35 cents, when paid in advance. \$2.75 will be charged when payment is deferred more than one year.

**ADVERTISEMENTS:**—Business and legal advertisements inserted at reasonable rates and according to space and position occupied. Cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, obituary notices, etc., \$1.00 for usual length.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:**—Parties wishing the postoffice address of their paper changed must send us both the old and new address.

Business specials and readers, 10 cents per line count. Address: F. W. SANBORN, Norway, Me.

## Coming Events.

Feb. 12—Supreme Court, South Paris.  
Feb. 19—Department Encampment, G. A. R. Auburn.  
Mar. 4—Annual town meeting in most Oxford County towns.

## New Advertisements.

Grand Trunk Railway	Page 7
Fireman's Fund Ins. Co.	" 7
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Rubbers—Smiley Shoe Store	" 7
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Optician—Dr. Austin Tenney	" 8
North British & Mercantile Ins. Co.	" 8
Oil cans and lamps—Wm. C. Leavitt	" 8
Right quality—H. B. Foster	" 8
Pine Tree Cough Syrup	" 8
New Spring hats—F. H. Hayes Co.	" 8
Winter evening reading—F. P. Stone	" 8
Cotton underwear sale—Thomas Smiley	" 8
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Dog found	" 8
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## February Term of Court.

The February term of Supreme Court will begin at South Paris, next Tuesday. This is expected to be the last February term of Court, as the legislature has taken favorable action on the bill to substitute one term in March for the February and May terms. The grand jury will be the same as in October. The traverse juries will not appear till the second week. Traverse jurors will be:

Andover—William G. Cushman.  
Bethel—Tom F. Hastings, Charles E. Valentine.  
Bucksport—Granville Cotton.  
Buckfield—Calvin B. Keene.  
Canton—Byron G. Waite.  
Dixfield—Henry C. Smith.  
Fryeburg—Cassius W. Pike.  
Greenwood—Elmer K. Cole.  
Hallowell—Austin A. Nelson.  
Lovell—Moody F. McAllister.  
Mexico—Joel M. Babo.  
Newry—Richard M. Williamson.  
Norway—George Oscar Bennett, Jonathan S. Millett.  
Oxford—Augustus D. Thayer.  
Paris—James D. Haynes, Grinnell Stuart.  
Porter—Henry B. Sawyer.  
Rumford—William H. Porter, Charles A. Minor.  
Stow—Benjamin F. Charles.  
Sumner—Jefferson Farrar.  
Waterford—Sumner F. Kimball.  
Woodstock—Alvah M. Andrews.  
And one each from Hartford, Hiram, and Peru.

James Evans and Lemuel Cotton of Hiram are serving on the jury at the United States District Court in Portland.

A new Universalist church building was dedicated at Woodfords, Wednesday. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. Manley B. Townsend of Dixfield. The dedication prayer was made by Rev. W. W. Hooper of Deering.

"Bucksport Sam," a well-known Rangeley Lakes guide, is at present a member of the Soldiers' National Home at Togus. Sam was born in Maine but has been a rover from childhood. He is now in his 63d year. Much of his life has been spent in the far West among the scouts and Indians, and he still wears his hair more than a foot in length. In the Civil War he enlisted in the 1st Connecticut Cavalry under an assumed name to conceal his identity as much as possible and was detailed by the lamented Gen. Custard to serve on his staff as a scout and orderly. His real name is Samuel H. Noble and he makes his home in the Rangeley region. Bucksport Sam is known throughout Oxford county.

## KEZAR FALLS.

Mr. and Mrs. Londignon of Springfield, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newbegin.

Daniel Mason, who was stricken with apoplexy about two weeks ago, is thought to be recovering.

Florence Garner, Bertha Ridlon, W. T. Norton, W. H. Garner and Edward Elliott are visiting friends in Massachusetts.

Ella, daughter of J. W. Chapman and wife of George Wadleigh, passed away after an illness of two months, on the morning of Jan. 26th. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Cotton, were held at her late residence on the afternoon of Jan. 28th. Mr. Cotton taking for his text a verse found marked in Mrs. Wadleigh's Bible—"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me at ease." Two beautiful flowers on and around the casket were L. M. R. C. and Library Association—a closed book.

Pythian Sisterhood—matinee cross and triangle.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Chapman—roses.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wadleigh—pinks.  
Fannie Newbegin—Calla lilies.  
Mrs. Freeman Ross, Angie Collymore—pinks.  
Dr. and Mrs. Smith of Cornish—pinks.

Mrs. Wadleigh was 41 years of age and leaves a husband, daughter, father and brother and a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn her loss.

## WEST LOVELL.

Mabel Hatch has gone to Norway to work.

Albert Babineau was home for a few days, last week.

Oris LeBaron gave a party to his Sunday school class, last Friday evening.

Mrs. Will Fox has gone to Sweden to cook in the camp for LeBaron & Fox. Her two oldest children are with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Lord, and the youngest is with her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Fox.

"When I was prostrated with grip and my heart and nerves were in bad shape, Dr. Miles' Nerve and Heart Cure gave me new life and health."—Mrs. Geo. Colie, Elgin, Ills.

## WEST FRYEBURG.

Mrs. S. F. Ballard is suffering from an attack of la grippe.

Louise Ballard has returned from a visit in Portland.

Mrs. Howard Jones is boarding for a while with her sister, Mrs. Charles Andrews.

Mrs. Hazen Stevens, whose health has been uncertain for a long time past, is not quite as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jones were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Wiley for a day or two, last week.

Miss B. W. Farrington of Boston, Mass., is spending a few days at the home of her brother, Stephen Farrington.

Hay is becoming scarce in this section. Willis Farrington went to Stow for a load for Willard Mansfield, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elden Shirley of Old Orchard were welcome guests with relatives and friends in East Conway during a recent visit to the neighborhood of their former home.

Hon. Dean A. Ballard spent the interval between Saturday night and Monday morning at his home, returning to Augusta, Monday. Mr. Ballard visited the University of Maine at Orono in company with others of the legislators, one day last week.

Mrs. Willard Mansfield is seriously ill at her home and receiving medical treatment. Her mother, Mrs. Hannah Charles, who is somewhat advanced in years, is assisted in caring for her by Mrs. Mary Walker, a relative and friend of the family.

John Stiles, a veteran and pensioner of the Civil war, died at his home in South Chatham, N. H., Monday, Jan. 25. He had been for a year or more a sufferer from partial paralysis, though his health has been feeble for some years. Mr. Stiles would have rounded out 87 years if he had lived till next April. Two sons survive, who live on the home place. A son, who also served in the Civil war, died several years ago. Members of Grover Post, G. A. R., of Fryeburg, attended the funeral, which was held at his late residence, Thursday, Jan. 31st, at 2 p. m.

## BYRON.

Mrs. G. T. Hodson is very sick. There is talk of a poverty ball at the hall, next Saturday evening.

More colds and grip this winter than usual. But few have escaped it.

Agnes and Bertha Thomas have returned home from school at Mexico, homesick.

Mrs. Eva Conant of Weld, visited her mother, Mrs. Louisa Knapp, last week, who is quite sick.

Guy Herrick, who has been working for the Lane Brothers near the Four Ponds, has returned home.

R. E. Taylor, formerly station agent at Bemis, is visiting relatives and friends in town and vicinity.

Cyr. Burnham who has been working for R. Richmond, the past three months, has left and is at work cutting up A. O. Reed's woodpile.

A. B. Merrill of the west part of the town has sold his farm, and will shortly move to Bethel where he has bought a large farm. Mr. Merrill is a good townsman and we are sorry to have him leave us.

## BROWNFIELD.

Vina Lane has been at home for a short time.

Dr. Pitch bought a horse of Amalia Littlefield recently.

Mrs. Wirt Eaton is taking piano lessons of Mrs. Irvin Linscott.

Orman Sands and Llewellyn Brooks have gone to Jackson, N. H., to work in a mill.

Wanted: To know why the dramas that have been talked so much about don't materialize.

Mrs. Frank Fessenden, who has been visiting her parents, for a few days, has returned home.

Fred Warren, who has been chopping in the woods for Ed. Sands finished work, Wednesday night.

Harry Pendexter has had his household goods moved to Moses Robinson's, where he will spend the remainder of the winter.

"On Candlemas Day, if fair and clear, there will be two winters in one year." If the other one is to be as severe as this one has been we beg to be excused from participating in it.

Mrs. Sadie Boynton has gone to Intervale, N. H., to work at the "Fairview" for a short time. Her two little girls will stay with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Boynton, during her absence.

The ladies of the Universalist Circle gave a supper, Thursday evening, at Eli Bean's hall, which was well patronized. After the supper the young people "dined" the light fantastic to music for a few hours. Music was furnished by E. E. Bennett and Helen Harmon.

## SUNDAY RIVER.

L. W. Kilgore was in this place, last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Chapman of Paris, visited at J. S. Brown's last week.

Tracy Littlehead came from Boston, last Thursday, to attend the funeral of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jackson accompanied by Mrs. Sheppard and their daughter came from Gorham, N. H., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson of Conway, N. H., are caring for their mother, Mrs. Margaret Williamson, who is slowly recovering from a severe illness.

This community was saddened by the sudden death of Mrs. Nellie Littlehead, who passed away, last Wednesday. We deeply feel the loss of a kind neighbor and loving friend.

## FREYBURG CENTER.

The district school closed, last week. Edith Farrington, teacher.

Clarence Day has closed his house and gone to join his wife in Beverly, Mass.

Mrs. Eliza Harriman, who has been ill, for some time, has regained her usual health.

W. S. Day cut his foot in the woods, so he was obliged to stop work several days, last week.

Mrs. McDaniel has returned to her home at Toll Bridge, from Baldwin, her daughter, Mrs. Roe, being much improved in health.

There was a large attendance at C. H. Wiswell's dancing school, last Friday evening. There will be two more Friday evening assemblies.

Barnes Gordon, a native of this place and a late resident of Bridgton, has bargained to buy E. W. Burbank's stock of goods and continue his business in the I. O. O. F. building.

## WELCHVILLE.

John Bower is selling his stock of cows.

Horace Bennett is spending a few days at his home in this place.

Bert Hall from West Minot was at his home in this place, Sunday.

James Russell spent Saturday and Sunday at his home in West Poland.

Mrs. Russell has moved his family into his house on the Mechanic Falls road.

Mr. Wentworth, the sawyer at the sawmill, has gone to his home in Waterford.

Mrs. Daniel Yeaton is very sick with heart trouble.

J. L. Tobie and wife are sick with the grip; also Frank Bowker and family.

The ladies' circle was entertained by Mrs. Cyrus Chaplin, Friday evening. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Last Friday evening, a large number of the young people went to an entertainment and box supper up in district No. 7. All reported a good time.

## EAST OTISFIELD.

Mrs. J. F. Scribner is sick with the grip.

Fred Stone has purchased a new horse.

Mrs. Anna Powers is visiting at S. D. Jillett's.

George Ballou is at work, logging for David Stone.

Horatio Pease is at work for George Dyer, cutting timber.

Hattie J. Loring went to Portland, last week, to spend a few days.

Mrs. Edna McCollie from Oxford is stopping at J. F. Scribner's.

Walter Holden and wife and son Otto from Oxford were at D. L. Holden's, Sunday.

Nat Robinson and wife went to Mechanic Falls, last Friday, to spend a few days with relatives.

Joseph Knights from Portland was in town, last week, to attend the funeral of his father, B. W. Knights.

Edward C. Loring has returned from Falmouth, where he has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Susan Blanchard.

## Magie Clock Oil.

Will clean and oil a clock so that it will run well for years. Clocks do not have to be taken apart. Sent postpaid for 25 cents. S. Bennett, Lock Box 2211, Boston, Mass.

## RUMFORD.

H. Hutchins of North Rumford, was in the village, yesterday.

William Ray is quite lame from the effect of a cut in his leg, by a knife while cutting meat.

Llewellyn Elliott of North Rumford, is reported very sick. Also Melior Worcester of Rumford Point.

Mrs. Mary Rowe, formerly Mrs. Leroy Luck of Rumford Center, died at the home of D. A. Coffin in Milton, last Friday. She was the daughter of Chandler Gilman and the last living member of a large family.

Joel H. Hutchins died at Rumford Point, Wednesday, Jan. 30, aged 68 years, and 11 months. Interment at North Rumford, Saturday.

The time of Mr. Hutchins' death his wife was not expected to live but a few hours, but we are glad to learn there is a slight improvement. Mr. Hutchins leaves two children, James S. of South Bethel, who has been with his parents constantly since their illness, and Mrs. W. F. Clark of South Rumford, who was detained at her home by illness.

## SOUTH CONWAY, N. H.

Eric Greenhalgh and a friend of his are in the place. They are from Lowell, Mass., and board at L. D. Mills'.

John Willey and Arthur Garland were in Porter and Cornish, a few days last week. They returned home on Sunday.

Ira Garland of Centre Conway, has sold his store, dwelling, barn, and stable to a Mrs. Herrick of Centre Conway. Report says, her son-in-law, Arthur Knowls, is to run the store, and is to take possession in the spring. Mr. Garland has been in trade at the Centre for many years and was a very much liked. If he leaves the place he will be much missed.

Mrs. Perley Littlefield of Conway, and a lady friend were here on Sunday, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Cole. Also Moses Thurston and wife of Conway, spent Sunday with A. T. Cole and wife, and as Ivory Cole and wife are staying there, it made it more pleasant as they are Mrs. Thurston's grandparents. Two of Mrs. Thurston's friends came with them.

Moses Merrillfield of Gorham, Me., who is the employ of Messrs. Noyes & Goddard, spent Sunday at the home of the Virgin, was in this place, last week, selling stoves. He sold a number of them. A great many in the place are using their stoves that were sent out, a few years ago. Mr. Merrillfield used to live in this place and all of his old neighbors and friends were glad to see him. He makes a good man for the business.

## NAPLES.

Ella Fickett is on the sick list.

James Chute has been on a visit to Westbrook.

Mrs. Bessie Proctor has been visited by her sister from Silver Lake, N. H.

Mrs. Thomas Welch of Harrison is visiting her son Almond and other friends in this place.

Mrs. David Wright, who has been staying with her son for the past week, has returned home.

Eugene Wright and family, who have been sick with the measles, are some better at the present writing.

Mrs. Lendell Brackett and her daughter, Mrs. Melvin Brackett, called on her uncle, James Clark, on the 2d.

Mrs. Yvonne Hartford has been at home for a few days from Poland, where she has been at work for some time past.

Booker T. Washington's Autobiography continues to attract wide-spread interest. The installment contained in the February Magazine Number of the Outlook included the famous address made by Mr. Washington at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, when for the first time in Southern history a Negro was called upon to speak as a representative of Negro enterprise and Negro civilization in a great, public meeting managed and controlled by the white people of the State.

## BUCKFIELD.

Solon Chase was in town, Monday.

Mrs. A. A. Farrar's health is rather poor at present.

A fair is called at the M. E. church in the near future.

Walter Turner has been ill again, though improving.

Lizzie Withing who came home from school at Farmington, is gaining slowly. William Record's family, four in number, who have la grippe, are convalescing.

Mrs. Benjamin Spaulding attended the federation of clubs at Augusta, last week.

Mrs. Jane Ripley, at the hospital at Lewiston, was not quite so well at last reports.

A. W. Libby and wife spent Sunday with friends in Lewiston, returning on Monday.

Dr. William P. Bridgman is quite feeble, though better than when he returned from Portland.

Silas Wetherbee of Norway, for Chas. McLaughlin & Co., made his regular weekly call among the traders, Monday.

Rev. Mr. Turner was obliged to return, Sunday, from an attempted trip to his Summer charge, on account of blocked roads.

Senator Prince says he hears no calls at Augusta for retrenchment, but the plan is, "How shall we raise the money?" We would suggest, seek loans from year to year, then repudiate.

## NORWAY LAKE.

C. W. Partridge is better, so that he is able to be out.

Miss Wescott and Miss Clifford were at J. L. Partridge's, Saturday.

Ervin Bean of Freeport has been visiting at James Crockett's, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Pride and Mrs. Walter Pride are all on the sick list.

Mrs. Winnie Hall has been quite ill with a severe cold and throat trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Flood and Mr. and Mrs. K. Hill were at David Flood's, Sunday.

Grace Hill has been quite sick with tonsillitis, but began school again, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Kilgore have been visiting friends in Denmark, returning home on Monday.

Charles Cummings is having a vacation. Alton Tucker is on the milk cart during his absence.

Mrs. F. H. Perry and little daughter Elva visited her cousin, Annie Lafarier, at Norway, Saturday.

J. L. Partridge's family are all having the severe colds that are prevalent, also Webster Kilgore's family.

"After suffering for two months from a severe attack of grip, I found quick relief and a lasting cure by using Dr. Miles' Nerve, Pain Pills and Heart Cure."—Harry Abbott, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## EAST HEBRON.

There is but little change in the health of the sick ones.

Appie A. Merrill returned from Oxford, last Monday.

Many cases of severe colds and some few cases of severe grip.

If we judge by the old-time adage for Candlemas our winter weather has not left us yet.

By the earnest request of the committee, Rev. L. D. Tibbets has withdrawn his resignation and will remain another year.

In the last meeting of East Hebron Grange, the vote was taken to go out, and haul and fit T. L. Rogers' wood, an early hour, they started for the work, thirty-five in number, and some who were not Grangers, but nearly all were from that order. Six double teams hauled the wood as fast as a load was cut, while some of the part served; others split the wood and piled a portion in the stable and made a beautiful woodpile beside the stable. The amount was estimated ten cords, all ready for the stove. A more industrious company could not be found. Every one worked as if life depended on his bustle in working. Rogers is so far unable to see his woodpile, but is trying to gain, to see how fine it looks in the pile cut by that merry, industrious company. Lewis and his wife cannot find words to express their thanks.

## EAST BETHEL.

W. Carver from Rumford has moved his family to this place.

Lillian R. Kimball is gone to Boston, where she will spend this month with her brother and other relatives and friends in Massachusetts.

Z. W. Bartlett has finished lumbering operations on his home land and the Willis mill has been moved to Rumford, where he has the contract to cut and manufacture the lumber from a timber tract recently purchased of the Virgin Brothers. He has built camps and now has a large crew operating. The manufactured lumber is to be taken to Rumford Falls and shipped to Auburn.

The Young Whist Club, though growing all of its years is still young as ever. The sixth meeting of the season was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. I. Young, last Saturday. The invited guests numbered sixteen. Whist occupied the time for two hours, after which refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Young spare no pains in the entertainment of their guests, and a very enjoyable evening was passed. The ladies' prize was won by Mrs. Tracy and the gentlemen's by H. E. Bartlett.

## WILSON'S MILLS.

Rev. E. E. Rand was in town, Jan. 27.

Will Hart is at home from camp Deadons, also Lewis Olson.

The roads were blocked, Thursday, for the first time this season.

Guy Brooks had a span of horses sluiced the woods, and another one with a badly cut leg.

The winter term of school closed, Jan. 31. Taught by A. L. Flint, making 34 weeks school during the last school year.

Gretta Olson is keeping house for Mrs. Nellie Sumner, who was called to West Bethel, by the illness of her father.

The little daughter of Lewis Leavitt was buried, Sunday. The funeral services were held at the house, by the Methodist minister from Colebrook.

"Valley Forge" is the subject of the first illustrated article in the February number of the New England. The tragic, heroic story of the famous winter quarters in the snows of the author, W. W. Richardson, who then takes us intelligently over the grounds, identifying the various historic spots—the whole illustrated by a score of pictures from photographs by the author himself.

## What A Waterville Man Did.

This statement was made by Henry J. Collins, 14 Drummond Ave., Waterville, Me., on the 24th of June, 1900: "I weighed one hundred and twenty-four pounds.

"My face and body were covered with pimples, and for nearly 3 years I had been troubled with my kidneys.

"I now weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds.

"My face and body are free from pimples, and my kidneys do not trouble me at all.

"What did he do for himself?

"That is a pertinent question. Before it is answered, let it be said that he did what he was told to do, and that was what thousands had been told to do and had done with entire satisfaction to themselves.

"And yet it was what many are delaying to do, simply because they cannot make up their minds to do it, in spite of the fact that pimples are pimples and kidney complaint is kidney complaint, and what has cured these things in one person can be reasonably expected to cure them in another.

"He took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has an unequalled record of permanent cures of pimples and kidney complaints, as well as of all other cutaneous eruptions, all scrofulous diseases, catarrh, dyspepsia, rheumatism and general debility.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla acts directly and peculiarly on the blood, and by making it pure, rich and abundant, strengthens the stomach, liver and kidneys, perfects digestion, secretion and excretion, clears the complexion, increases the weight, and builds up the whole system.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla, being an excellent remedy, is one for which substitutes are sometimes offered. They do not act like Hood's, and it is expensive, in view of the result, to experiment with them.

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Enough to supply Oxford County.

The HONEST JOHN TRUSS

The SEELEY HARD RUBBER TRUSS

Leather-covered SPRING TRUSSES

Also Abdominal Supporters, Electric Belts, Suspensory Bandages.

We carry a line of—



# Maine Legislature.

The bill to increase the powers of Rumford Falls municipal court is a statute which is being considered in the Maine Legislature. It is supposed that it applied to the proposed enlargement of jurisdiction to comprise a portion of Franklin county, and were accordingly indifferently to it. When it was learned that the bill would give the court exclusive jurisdiction over the county, a considerable number of towns beside Rumford, would increase civil jurisdiction to \$300 and would over all the county, even in the town of Norway, make that court superior to the Norway municipal court, a big protest went up, and lawyers from all over the county started for Augusta to enter protests. The bill had been reported from the committee, but was sent back to the committee for more investigation. Just now, when county expenses have been decreased by abolishing one term of Supreme Court, it would be foolish to shove up those expenses again by giving some other court such extraordinary powers as this bill contemplated.

By Mr. Prince of Oxford, bill to extend the charter of the Buckfield Water Company. An act amending an act creating the Rumford Falls municipal court. A hearing was held on this bill, before the legal affairs committee, and no one appeared to oppose it, and it was therefore reported "ought to pass." There are those now who wish to be heard on this matter, and I move that it be recommitted. The motion prevailed, and the bill was recommitted.

Passed to be enacted—an act to change in part the town line between the towns of Mexico and Rumford in the county of Oxford.

Resolve providing for payment to the town of Bethel of the amount deducted from said town's proportion of the school fund for the year 1900 on account of an imperfect school return.

Briggs of Harrison, petition praying that the State maintain all large bridges.

White of Naples, act to prevent the throwing of sawdust and other mill waste into streams lying wholly or in part in the towns of Naples and Raymond.

Mead of Bridgton, resolve granting \$1,000 for the screening of Sebago lake to be spent under the direction of the commissioners of inland fish and game.

"I was given up to die from heart and nervous trouble caused by grip. Six bottles each of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine cured me."—Mrs. John Wollet, Jefferson, Wis.

**NORTH PARIS.** Miss A. H. Minard in on the sick list. Clifton Dunham and wife have arrived from Vermont.

Mrs. Thomas Flavin and children visited at South Paris recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Ellingwood are soon to move to the Lorenzo Dean farm.

S. B. Graves, who has been staying at Abner Benson's, has returned to Boston.

Mrs. Hillman has returned from Canton, where she has been visiting for some time.

Frank Kimball of South Paris was in the place, Sunday, to see his parents, both of whom are sick.

Mosher Foss of Portland was called here, last week, by the severe illness of his mother, Mrs. Diantha Fuller.

Mrs. Annie Morse is among the number here who have been very sick. Mrs. A. S. Young of West Paris is caring for her.

The meetings, which have been held evenings at the M. E. church since quarterly meeting, are to be continued, this week.

There are many more in this place sick with the grip, but none dangerously sick. Hardly a family but one or more of the members are sick.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbs of Paris Hill visited Mrs. Gibbs' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Ellingwood, Sunday.

Mrs. Ellingwood has the grip.

Charlie Ross, who has been poorly for some time, went to the Maine General Hospital, Portland, last Friday, for treatment and returned, Saturday. He will go again soon.

**It Has Flattering Prospects.**

Attention of our readers is called to the advertisement in another column of the Medina Gold Mining Company, and should be read by those who desire an investment in a legitimate mining enterprise. The shares are sold by the company at present for 25 cents, in order to get money to complete its mill, which is well under way. The company owns 17 gold mines of proved value by mill tests, and has developed a fine water power, which is already connected with the mill. The mines of Washington and British Columbia have yielded large returns in gold, and some of those shares have advanced to fabulous prices. Full particulars can be obtained by writing to Cole Saunders, Pres't at the Home Office, 3 Wall street, New York, or to either of the following gentlemen who are stockholders of the company, Leslie F. Keene, 36 South street, Boston, or Hiram J. Preble, Bangor, Maine. 6tf

**Almond Chinese Eyes.**

It has been suggested that the almond shape of the Chinese eyes might be a result from babyhood for long generations of going bareheaded in the sun. Foreigners find the sun so dangerous to the eyes that they are not only shaded by wide-brimmed hats, but most frequently by dark glasses.

The Chinese women do not as a rule, as do the Japanese women, put their babies upon the backs of their young girls. The women, and not infrequently the men, carry their children after babyhood in their arms, even when quite large. In fact, the care exhibited by the fathers for their children, proudly bearing them in their arms on the street from place to place, shows that Mr. Chinaman has good sense as well as a good heart.

He is not afraid he will be laughed at for doing woman's work, as some of our working-men seem to be in the home land, leaving to the wife and mother not only the baby in arms, but several toddlers at her skirts, while the lady mother stalks by her side, and when in his unfettered haste he gets a few feet in advance, he looks back impatiently, saying, "Hurry up."

"Falling to find relief from the grip with old methods, I took Dr. Miles' Pain Pills, Nervine and Nerve and Liver Pills and was permanently cured."—Gust. Egan, Jackson, Mich.

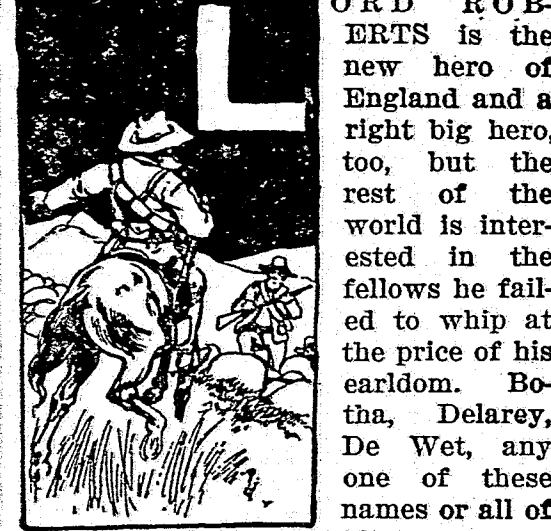
Edith Bryant of Bryant's Pond has been granted a pension, \$8.

# INDOMITABLE BOERS

UNDER NEW LEADERS THE WAR DRUM STILL BEATS TO ARMS.

A Strange Turn to the Campaign Which Earl "Bobs" Ended So Gloriously to Himself—De Wet, Botha and Delarey Baffling the British.

[Copyright, 1901, by G. L. Kilmer.]



**L**ORD ROBERTS is the new hero of England and a right big hero, too, but the rest of the world is interested in the fellows he failed to whip at the price of his earlobe. Botha, Delarey, De Wet, any one of these names or all of them, may bring out of the South African war greater military glory than that clinging to "Old Bobs." The war is well in its second year, the tropical summer is on, and Great Britain is still maintaining several moving columns in the field as well as vast garrisons and patrols. Cape Colony is under invasion and parts of it under the British guns, a state of things which could not follow a victory worthy the name.

There is talk now of 20,000 Boers still under arms, and the Boers insist that they never had more than that in the days of Joubert and Cronje. Perhaps this is another case of defective British vision in the atmosphere of South Africa, the valiant English see double when counting their enemies.

But whether the Boers number hundreds or thousands the dispatches of the British general in chief, Kitchener, show that all his best men have their hands full keeping the enemy shadowed. As for catching him, why, that art seems to have passed to the Boers. When the telegraph says that De Wet or Delarey has been cornered then another British garrison is gone.

For two months past every move on the military map tends to show that Kruger's departure put the war ahead by bringing fresh blood to the front. The policy of 1899, when Joubert and Kruger were at the helm, was really cautious while it looked to be bold. Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking were besieged, it is true, but they were not captured, and the result was the tying up of Boer forces that might have been better employed, considering the problem before the Boers. The strategy of threatening those cities was good, because it divided the British, but it narrowed the task very much. The Boers hadn't men enough to carry on sieges and fight battles with the enemy in open field at the same time.

The rapid movement of the Boer was counted upon originally to give him advantage over the British, but this availed nothing so long as he staid in the trenches before Ladysmith or Kimberley. Finally the British got under way and beat him at the game of mobility. Had the Boers defended the passes to the Transvaal with suitable numbers and sent the remainder of their troops out under leaders like De Wet, Delarey and Louis Botha to harass the British advance, out lines of communication and rally the Dutch beyond the border they might have baffled the British until this time and still hold Pretoria. It was demonstrated in the American civil war that places are nothing so long as armies are in the field. Lee, Johnston, Hood and Forrest had to be destroyed before there was an end to the conflict. In a war where 3,000 men could hold White in Ladysmith and keep Buller out for months a few hundred fellows on horseback, with Mausers in their hands, constitute for all practical purposes an army, and there seem to be enough Boer bands of that number in the field to employ French, Clements, Brabant, Knox and other generals, to say nothing of Baden-Powell and Thorneycroft of Spion Kop fame.

In its present phase the war is very cheap for the Boer. He lives off the enemy, as the Confederate General Forrest did with his whole corps. First and last Forrest captured enough clothing, food, equipments, ammunition and horses to supply an army larger than his own for years. So De Wet, while dodging the nets spread by the redoubtable Kitchener last June, captured in Ladysmith stores of clothing, food and ammunition to supply his force for the winter campaign. Really the British soldiers are keeping up the war by turning over to the enemy in stated quantities all the sinews needed for the time being. The isolation of the Boers seemed to be a fatal weakness at the start, but it is of no consequence so long as England sends down everything necessary for both sides in the conflict. De Wet has declared that he will never surrender, but will fight as long as there is a man to stand by him in battle. These brave words have been made good, for even when running the Boer is fighting—that is, he is saying

his chance to fight when the right time comes.

Louis Botha has fought in a different way from De Wet, but that is no indication that the Boers lack a plan at this time. Botha keeps the field east of Pretoria. He is the general in chief, and the roaming bands know where to find him. Botha came into prominence in the newspapers after Spion Kop, but the British had made his acquaintance on the field long before that. At Dundee he set his face against surrender, and the first battle of Colenso, which cost the British so dear, was planned and fought by this novice in war. Spion Kop he recovered after it had been abandoned to the enemy.

De Wet has been an active second of De Wet and sometimes a host in himself. His battle the middle of December with General Clements was a furious one and made the British see double again. First the fusiliers, then the Northumberlanders, were overthrown, and the yeomanry fared no better when brought in to save the day. Clements had to retreat and fight for the right of way, yet the Boer force estimated at 4,000 really numbered but 400. The British attribute the disaster wrought by these few to their khaki uniforms.

De Wet is the man most feared by the British, and their hope, at the time of the first invasion of Cape Colony in December, was that he might be held north of the Orange river. Said one correspondent who was in the field near De Wet's camp:

"De Wet has never been taken seriously enough. It is of little use to pursue him, as he fights a rear guard action and gains 20 miles while he is being fought. He is a born military genius, whose wonderful powers have kept up this phenomenal resistance."

"Once he falls the whole thing could be crushed in a fortnight. He has every single command under his supervision. All his patrols and columns march and counter-march to his order. The forces under his command have been reduced by his strength of will to a properly organized army, moving at his word. The sooner the British rid themselves of the idea that De Wet's forces are a mere rabble, wandering aimlessly, the sooner they will grasp the need of the determined effort which is necessary to capture him."

A correspondent of the London Mail, who is also in the field, sums up De Wet's methods as follows:

"For the purpose of his warfare De Wet needs no heavy battalion. He dislikes a force exceeding 500, and the men he has with him are picked men—men of the soil, hunters every one of them, Boers who possess in a lesser degree the qualities that have made their leader."

"If the purpose of the warfare is to attack a position, he will lead his men to it by a route which is not obvious to the enemy. He will lead them to it by a route which is not obvious to the enemy. He will lead them to it by a route which is not obvious to the enemy."

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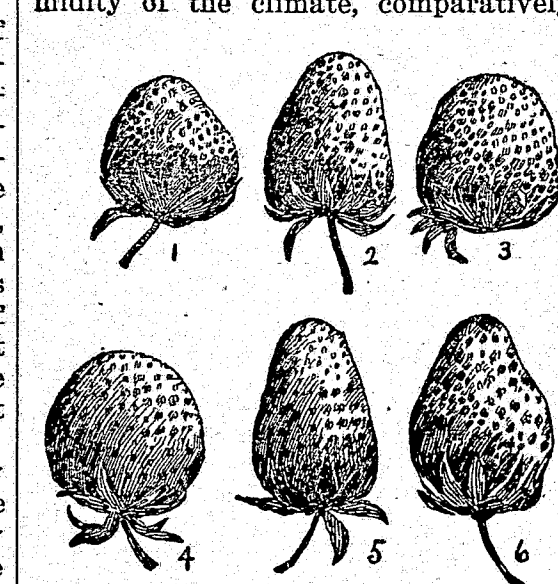
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# FARM AND GARDEN

## STRAWBERRY PLANTING.

Old Fashioned, Back Breaking Trowel Work Done Away With.

At the north and in many portions of the south early spring is held to be the most suitable time for transplanting strawberries. Along the south Atlantic and gulf coasts, however, the humidity of the climate, comparatively



STRAWBERRY VARIETIES.

certain rainfall and the light, loose character of the soil permit successful late summer or early fall planting, ranging from July to October, according to Professor Hugh Starnes of Georgia, from whose interesting cultural directions the following notes on transplanting are made. Being intended for a particular locality they should be regarded as more or less elastic for other sections:

Only the amateur, growing on a small scale or regardless of expense, can afford to use potted plants. Much less expensive is the use of one of the improved hand transplanters. With these transplanters, setting may proceed at almost any time during the growing season as safely as with potted plants. One transplanter consists of an "excavator," with which the holes for the reception of the plants are made; a "transplanter," which is a small zinc cup, in which the plant is taken up and conveyed to the field, and an "ejector," having a slotted disk at the end for the accommodation of the crown of the plant, by which the plant is expelled after the cup has been placed in the hole. One hundred extra cups will enable the operator to take a wagon load at one time from the old plot to the new.

No two planters ever agree as to the best mechanical routine in transplanting or the best implements to use. The following plan, however, has been found effective and expeditious: Secure the plants for resetting by using a spade or, better, a spading fork, and loosen the entire row. Take up, throw out the old plants, which are worthless, separate and bunch up in convenient handfuls, trimming off the remains of runners and dead tops and shortening in the roots one-third. Place in buckets, with an inch or so of water to keep the roots moist. Standing thus a day or two will not hurt.

In putting out the plants a man with a spading fork, which is better than a spade or any form of trowel, should precede a boy with the plants in a bucket. Let the fork be inserted in the ground crosswise with the row at an angle of some 60 degrees. Raise the handle of the fork to a perpendicular. Have the boy insert a plant, with the roots spread fan shape, in the crevice thus made. Place the foot against the fork on the opposite side from the plant and lower the handle of the fork, at the same time withdrawing it. The dirt will thus be pressed firmly against the roots as the fork comes out, and the operation is finished. If the soil is very loose, a solid spade may be found necessary in place of a spading fork in order to prevent the dirt crumbling between the tines and filling up the crevice. This method of transplanting will be found much more rapid and satisfactory than the old method of using a trowel, back-breaking, trowel-dabble work. No man can crawl over a field on his knees or humped as rapidly or hold out at it as long as he can when walking erect.

The plan so frequently advised of perching the plant on a mound of dirt in the middle of an excavation, with its roots carefully and deliberately spread out in cone shape, may do for a fancy garden plot, but no practical berryman need be told that it would summon the sheriff in short order if attempted on a large scale.

The berries whose comparative form and size are illustrated are: 1, Cloud; 2, Crescent; 3, Cumberland; 4, Beecher; 5, Belmont; 6, Bismarck.

**Tobacco Keeps Out Peach Borers.** It has been recommended to pile or scatter various substances around the base of peach trees to keep out the borers. Professor M. V. Slingerland tested tobacco stems (wildfires of the leaves) from a factory by winding them around the base of the trees and found the results astonishing. Evidently the tobacco kept out from two-thirds to three-fifths of the borers. Where the stems are cheaply obtainable they would seem worth trying.

**DOG FOUND.** A young, brindle, bull dog came to the house of Carl Shank, Pitts Hill, last Saturday. Owner can have him by paying cash.

# WHIM-WHAMS.

A Few Paragraphs Which Ought to Make You Smile.

Mrs. Styles—Did you call on Mrs. Boreham Friday?

Mrs. Styles—Yes; unlucky day, you know.

"Why, was she out?"

"No; she was in."

"Bill—That's a smokeless powder factory over there."

Jill—What are you talking about? They make baking powder there.

"I know it, but smoking is strictly prohibited in the place."

"What's the matter with your eye?" asked the trolley motorman.

"Accident," answered the conductor. "Wasn't looking where you were going, I suppose?"

"That's it; let a man off at the wrong street."

"Men are forever making fun of the women who take such a long time to put on their hats," remarked the observer of events and things, "but I notice those same women are not seen on a windy day running wildly through the streets about 20 feet behind a speeding hat."

"I suppose you called your town Paris after the French capital?" asked the man from the north on a visit to Kentucky.

"Yes; that's right," replied the southerner.

"Why?" inquired the stranger, glancing about him.

"Because it's so different."

"I've been taking lessons in skating," said the sweet thing.

"Indeed?" said the hateful thing.

"Yes. I can cut figures too."

"Can you cut your age?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You must be pretty well along, then," was the parting shot of the hateful thing.—Yonkers Statesman.

# Another Kiek.



"Talk erbout yer man wid de hoe! Wot erbout de kid wot has ter tote his baby brudder?"—New York Journal.

# Hose Water and Rain.

Flowers know the difference between a rainstorm and a drenching from the garden hose. You may deluge them with barrels from the hydrant, and they will at best simply hold their own. Generally they wither in the long, dry seasons and that without regard to the artificial wetting they may receive from the gardeners. But let a little shower, however brief, fall upon them, and they brighten visibly.

The difference is that the rain brings down with it through the air or collects in the air a chemical quality that the vegetation needs. The rainwater may be as like that in the lake as two volumes of water can be, but when it has ridden the upper levels of the atmosphere, when it has traveled through the various stages of vapor and liquid, and has tumbled down through that retort of the air, it has become charged with elements that no man can give it, and the flower knows and recognizes it, as the first field flowers recognize it in the beginning.

# A Considerate Husband.

Mrs. Kapen—Charles is always very kind. I can't complain of his treatment of me, but I wish he wasn't so close with his money. He never allows me to handle any of it.

Mrs. Jorge—I have heard him say there are some things a man should keep from his wife.—Boston Transcript.

# Character and Reputation.

"Certainly you won't pretend that going to the church sewing circle every meeting makes a woman good?"

"No; but it keeps her from being talked to."—Detroit Journal.

# Statement Showing the Condition of the U. S. Branch of the North British and Mercantile Ins. Co.

OF LONDON AND EDINBURG, G. B.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1900.

Stocks and bonds	\$5,682,739 00
Cash in office and bank	167,834 48
Bills receivable	1,000 00
Interest accrued	41,653 00
Uncollected premiums	345,738 65
All other assets	2,448 25
Admitted assets in the U. S.	\$4,245,481 99
Liabilities Dec. 31, 1900	
Net unpaid losses	\$ 317,402 45
Unearned premiums	2,015,963 57
Surplus over all liabilities	1,910,115 97
Total liabilities and surplus	\$4,245,481 99

W. J. WHEELER & CO., Agents, South Paris, Me.

# National Fire Insurance Company,

HARTFORD, CT.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1900.

Real estate	\$ 331,784 94
Mortgage loans	708,815 00
Stock and bonds	3,173,881 00
Cash in office and bank	283,140 08
Agents' balances	213,571 00
Uncollected premiums	275,000 00
Gross and admitted assets	\$4,992,692 02
Liabilities Dec. 31, 1900	
Net unpaid losses	\$ 247,458 73
Unearned premiums	9,045,419 73
All other liabilities	165,903 54
Total	\$9,458,882 00
Surplus over all liabilities	\$4,463,790 00
Total liabilities and surplus	\$9,458,882 00

W. J. WHEELER & CO., Agents, South Paris, Me.

# RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS: The Resper Death, having removed from our midst our beloved sister, Fannie M. Tucker, vice-president of the Norway Lake Woman's Club, and realizing as we do the loss which our club has sustained, also the greater and irreparable loss to her own family, be it

Resolved: By this club, that while we submit to the will of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, we desire to express our heartfelt sympathy for the loss of one who has been such a kind and helpful friend and in her home such a loved and loving daughter and sister.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and to the OXFORD COUNTY ADVERTISER, also that they be placed on the records of this club.

MARY L. FERRY, } Committee on Resolutions.  
MAUD E. PARTRIDGE,  
ELLEN B. CROCKETT.

# BIRTHS.

In Newry, to the wife of Neely Thompson, a son.  
In Newry, to the wife of Robert Egan, a son.  
In Rumford Falls, Jan. 11, to the wife of Fred C. Myers, a daughter.  
In Rumford Falls, Jan. 12, to the wife of Rodrick McKennon, daughter.  
In Rumford Falls, Jan. 14, to the wife of Frank Gahagan, a daughter.  
In Rumford Falls, Jan. 22, to the wife of Lewis Lovejoy, a daughter.  
In Gilbertville, Jan. 27, to the wife of Mr. Barthelemy, a daughter.  
In South Water



Single Copies of the Advertiser  
Can be found each week on sale at the follow-  
ing places, at 4 cents each.  
Norway... F. P. Stone's and Noyes Drug Store  
So. Paris... A. I. Sturtevant's & A. F. Shurtless  
Bethel... G. R. Wiley  
Fryeburg... A. F. Lewis  
West Paris... S. F. White's  
Orders for single copies at 4 cents each sent  
direct to the office of publication will be  
promptly filled. ADVERTISER, Norway, Me.

#### NORWAY AND VICINITY

Mrs. E. F. Bicknell has been sick with the grip, the past week.

Samuel H. Hayden and wife came on from Haverhill, Mass., to visit their Nor- way folks and attend the Governor's reception, last week.

Edwin B. Simpson and Grace E. March of Bridgton were recent guests at Albert F. Bassett's. They attended the Gov- ernor's reception, last Friday.

Mrs. Lewis J. Lamb has returned to her home in Attleboro, Mass. While here she was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Jones.

Presiding Elder Ladd held Quarterly Conference at the Methodist church, Saturday. The pastor reported that a large proportion of the money necessary to pay the church debt had been raised, and he was in hopes to have that burden lifted before conference time in April. A unanimous call was extended for Mr. Fickett's return for another year as pas- tor. Sunday morning, Elder Ladd preached to a crowded house. Thirteen were admitted to the church on proba- tion.

#### Letter to S. H. Millett, Norway, Me.

DEAR SIR: The usual paint, lead and oil, is made more durable by the addition of zinc; as the more intelligent painters know.

Lead and oil, they say, lasts three years. Add zinc and it lasts three years with a margin, they say, but painters generally advise to paint once in three years.

Devote lead and zinc is nothing but lead zinc color dryer and oil; but it lasts about twice as long as printers reckon.

Mr. Knox, an undertaker for fifty years at Brewster, N. Y., painted Devote nine years ago. The paint is said to be in about as good condition as when it was first put on.

Lead and oil don't last nine years.

Yours truly,  
F. W. DEVOTE & CO.

#### Norway Municipal Court.

Charles B. Ryerson of Milton Planta- tion was before the court, Saturday. He got drunk, went to a dance at North Woodstock, and undertook to lick every- body present. The judge sent him to jail for thirty days.

Last week, the judge sent a couple of tramps to jail for sixty days. They were brought down from Bryant's Pond. The town authorities there say that they used to be bothered by them for six tramps a day, but that since they adopt- ed the plan of sending tramps to jail at every opportunity they only find one in three or four months.

"I was in bed five weeks with the grip—nerves shattered, stomach and liver badly deranged. Was cured with Dr. Miles' Nerve and Nerve and Liver Pills."—D. C. Walker, Hallsville, O.

#### SOUTH WATERFORD.

John Kilgore is quite sick.

The Grange store is undergoing re- pairs.

Loton Flint is at work in the mill for Emerson.

E. P. Kimball took a trip to Hiram, last Thursday.

Grange session at Grange hall, last Saturday night.

Fred Wiggin has moved into the Eu- gene Nelson house.

Mrs. Eben Willard, who has been sick for some time, is very low.

Mrs. Marshall Sanderson died of heart failure, Sunday night, Jan. 27.

Mrs. G. C. Kimball has been visiting friends and relatives in Bridgton.

Clarence Willard has exchanged one of his horses for another with Andrews of Norway.

Stops the Cough  
and works off the Cold.  
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents. (20) For sale by F. P. STONE.

Freeman Hapgood has been quite sick with the grip, but is better at the present writing.

John Whitcomb has Charles York at work for him, this winter. Mr. Whit- comb is not in very good health.

Harold Kimball goes up to help Emily Fogg about her chores, every other day. He has a horse to look after and some other work to do.

W. W. Watson is getting out spool strips at his mill. He is intending to make salt boxes, soon, and is having timber drawn for that purpose.

#### Personals.

Mrs. E. P. Green has recovered from an attack of the grip at Canaan, N. Y., by the use of Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

Among the victims of the grip epi- demic now so prevalent, F. Goye is now recovering at Canton, O., by the use of Dr. Miles' Nerve and Nerve Pills.

W. E. Niholls of St. Louis, Mo., who was down with grip, is reported much improved. He used Dr. Miles' Nerve and Nerve Pills.

The friends of Mrs. L. Denison will be pleased to learn of her recovery from grip, at her home in Bay City, Mich., through the use of Dr. Miles' Nerve and Nerve Pills.

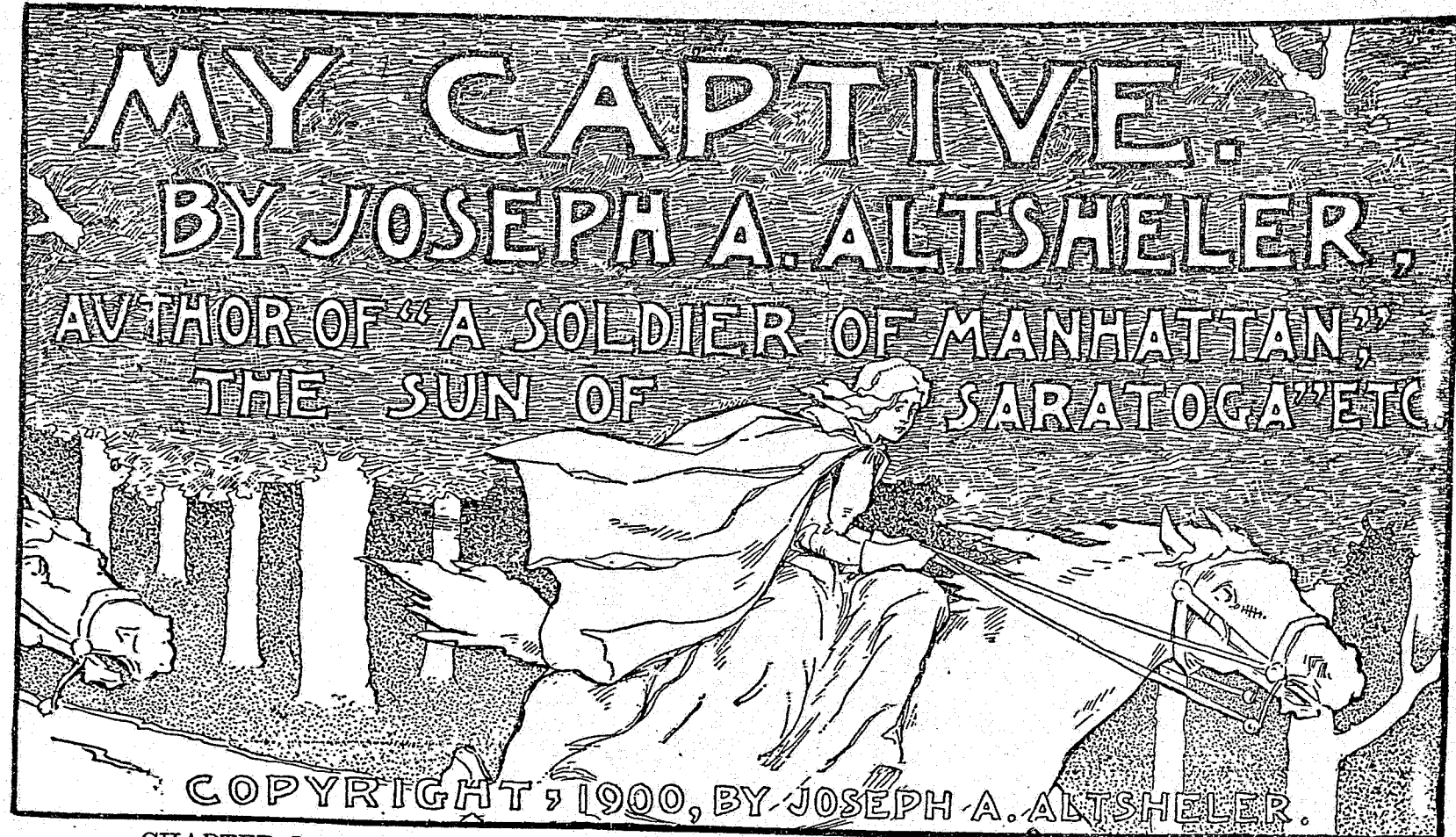
Everybody says that J. W. Udy is looking splendid since his recovery from the grip at his home in Des Moines, Iowa. They all know that Dr. Miles' Nerve was what cured him.

Prosecuting Attorney, Charles L. De- Wale, who has passed the three-score mile stone, had a time with the grip; but when seen at his home in Roscom- mon, Mich., the other day, he said Dr. Miles' Nerve was what cured him.

At nearly three score and ten Mrs. Galen Humphrey was fighting against odds when the grip attacked her; but she took Dr. Miles' Nerve, and now her neighbors in Wareham, Mass., remark on how well she is looking.

After an illness of five weeks from the grip, Mrs. Harriet Jackson is again about and looking fine. She began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve after the fourth week. Her home is in Bowling Green, Mo.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature of  
J. C. Watson.



CHAPTER I.  
A TRYING SITUATION.

I looked at the prisoner, and I was vexed by doubt. With a battle on one side of him and a woman on the other what is a man to do? She returned my gaze with great, pure eyes, which seemed to say I was a villain, a monster, yet I had been doing my exact duty, that of a faithful soldier in the cause of the Continental congress and freedom, while she, a woman, a girl, had presumed to turn from the things for which God had intended her and to meddle with war. I was more than vexed—I was angry, angry at her for attempting such a task and angry at myself for being forced into a situation so full of troubles.

On the right, in the fringe of woods a quarter of a mile away, the last rifle shot had been fired, and its echo was speeding across the far hills. The pow- der flashed no more, and the smoke over all the southern colonies. I drew a pis- tol, it being my idea to kill the horse, but it was a shot that I could not risk. The victors, the captured detail with them, were riding away. I almost fan- cied I could hear the beat of their horses' hoofs and the dead, I knew, lay waiting there until the last trumpet called them to rise again. And here was I, an atom, left in the drift of the armies, out off from my comrades and alone with this girl.

The horses shifted about uneasily, stamped their feet, and once mine raised his head and neighed, as if in truth he heard the beating hoofs of the galloping detachment. He knew that his com- rades, too, were leaving him, though I cannot say that it was a desertion in- tended by either horse or man.

The girl's look of reproach turned to one of inquiry. She sat on a log, her little riding whip hanging idly in her hand. For the first time I took note of her face—the delicate but firm molding of each feature; the clear depths of her dark, blue eyes; the bronze gold of her hair, clustering in tiny curls around her forehead; the rose red of her cheeks, like a flush; her lithe, strong, young figure.

Why is it that when God wishes to make women especially wicked and troublesome he makes them beautiful? "Well, you rebel," she said, "when do you purpose to set me free?" "When you give your word of honor that you will tell Cornwallis nothing about the strength of Morgan's forces and our present movements."

"That I will not do."

"Then you remain my prisoner."

Yet I would have been a fool even to have taken her word of honor. What woman has any regard for the truth in military matters? If she could find a chance, she would certainly give infor- mation that would bring Cornwallis, as well as Tarleton, on Morgan.

"I think that it is enough for Eng- lishmen themselves to fight us without sending their daughters also against us," I said.

"My father did not send me," she said quickly. "I came of my own accord."

"So much the worse," I replied.

But nothing was to be gained by standing there and talking. Besides, it is never well for a soldier to dispute with his prisoner. It argues an insuffi- ciency for his position. A captor should bear himself with dignity and reserve. I would show my quality.

I untied the horses and led them to the log on which she was sitting.

"Get up!" I said curtly and in a tone of command.

The natural rose flush of her cheeks deepened a little.

"You speak as if you were my mas- ter," she said.

"That is just what I am—for the present," I replied. "Mount your horse at once."

She gave me a sideways look from eyes that flashed, but she stood upon the log.

"This log is too low, and the saddle is too high," she said.

I stepped forward and held out my hand to assist her.

"Don't touch me, you rebel!" she cried and leaped lightly into the saddle.

I felt hurt.

"If you wouldn't call me a rebel," I said.

"Why?"

"It's impolite."

"Well, perhaps it is in a way, and in a way, too, I am proud of it. Are you proud of your king?"

"Yes."

"It doesn't take much to arouse Eng- lish pride."

"You will think more of him when the war is over. It will pay you to do so."

"Meanwhile we will wait until then."

"What do you purpose to do with me—keep me a prisoner?"

"It is my misfortune."

"The courtesy of a rebel."

"I shall take you to General Mor- gan."

"Then Tarleton will rescue me. Your Morgan cannot stand before him."

I was afraid that she spoke the truth. We were outnumbered, and besides more than half our force was raw mil-

itia. The odds were great against us, and knowing it I did not reply to her taunt.

While we were talking she sat in the saddle with the easy seat of a good horsewoman. I held my horse loosely by the bridle. She was evidently the whip in her hands. Suddenly she leaned over and lashed my horse across the eyes with her whip. The blow was given with all her might, and the startled horse reared, jerked the bridle out of my hand and ran away.

"Goodby, Mr. Rebel!" she shouted, and drawing her whip across her own horse galloped off in the opposite direc- tion.

I believe I swore. I was angry and alarmed, too, for this girl, with her messages and accurate news about us, was a formidable enemy, escaped, and might cause the destruction of the en- tire army of the south and the loss of all the southern colonies. I drew a pis- tol, it being my idea to kill the horse, but it was a shot that I could not risk. I thrust the pistol back in my pocket and ran after my horse. He was 30 or 40 yards away, half mad with rage and pain, his bridle swinging beside him.

I am a very good runner, but I do not claim to be as swift as a horse. Never- theless I made speed as I ran after him, and I whistled and shouted with a vigor that must have convinced him of my intentions. I looked back once at the girl and the horse she rode were growing smaller as they sped over the desolate and unfenced fields. My need of a horse, too, was growing more pressing. Mount- ed, there was hope; afoot, there was none.

I whistled all the calls that a friend- ly and well treated horse should know and meantime did not neglect to run- ning him with the best speed that I could command. Presently he seemed to understand and to remember that I was not responsible for the blow. He slack- ened his pace, looked back over his shoulder at me and whinnied. I whis- tled encouragingly, he whinnied again, and remembering who I was, his best friend, came to a full stop, for he was a most intelligent horse. In a half a min- ute I overtook him, leaped into the sad- dle and turned his head the other way.

"Now, old horse," I cried, "you can gallop, but you gallop my way."

I won my spurs, and I gave him a touch of the steel. That was enough, for he was always ambitious and proud of his speed, and away we flew over the fields after the disappearing girl. She was a full quarter of a mile away, and her figure was growing dim on the hori- zon. Another quarter of a mile and she would be in the woods, where the concealment of the trees would enable her to elude my pursuit. Moreover, these English girls are often daring horsewomen, and even at the distance I could see that she rode like a trooper. But I knew the country, and she did not, and I hoped to secure from it some chance that would enable me to over- take her.

I encouraged my horse. I did more than encourage—I appealed to his pride and his sense of gratitude. I reminded him how I had ridden him all the way from the Hudson when I came south with Greene; how I had tended him and cared for him and fed him, often when he was compelled to go hungry myself. I appealed to him now not to let that girl escape who had depended on her capture, when I would, if we per- mitted ourselves to be tricked and out- witted at such a time by one red cheeked English girl.

He was a sensible horse, and he un- derstood. He said nothing, not even a little snort, but his stride lengthened, and the swift and regular beat of his hoofs on the turf was music.

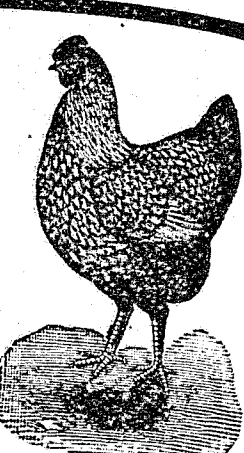
"Good horse, Old Put, good lad!" I said. I had named him Put after Old Put, the famous old Connecticut gen- eral, because he was so reliable and steady. He shook his ears slightly as a sign that he would do his best for me, having no time to say more, and he ran a little faster. I kept a sharp watch for stones and holes in the ground, having no mind to risk a fall which might ruin all, and nursed my comrade's strength, for on land as well as sea a stern chase is a long one.

The figure of the girl and the horse she rode was growing larger, good proof that I was gaining, which was not enough, however, for I might continue to gain, and yet she could elude me in the woods unless I was close upon her when she reached them. Her long hair had fallen down and was streaming be- hind her like a ribbon of spray with the sunshine on it, but I felt like giving that yellow hair a jerk just then could I have put my hands upon it.

"Steady, Put!" I said to my faithful comrade. "Do you see that girl with the yellow hair? Yes? Well, note the horse that she is riding, a common troop horse, clumsy, ill bred, no pedigree. Are you going to let yourself be beaten by him?"

His ears wagged violently, and he ran a foot to the second faster. We struck a piece of beautiful turf, evident-

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The value of our Food has been proved in this State. We have numerous testimonials of the highest character. They are from well-known farmers and poultrymen right here in New England, people you know or have heard about and whose word is gilt edged.

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people are suffering from c the head, with fever depress weakness. It's the Grip! B when it first attacks you!

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Honey of  
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should be taken at the first Grip. It cures. 25¢, 50¢, \$1 bottle; the largest size cheap, all druggists. Take none but

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In Effect January 1, 1901.

### NORWAY, ME.

#### DEPARTURES.

For Lewiston, Portland and Boston, 9.20 a. m., 4.10 p. m.  
For Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 1.45 p. m.  
For Island Pond and way stations, 3.30 p. m.

#### ARRIVALS.

From Boston, Portland and Lewiston, 3.45 p. m., 8.00 p. m.  
From Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 4.25 p. m.  
From Island Pond and way stations, 5.10 p. m.

#### Sunday Trains.

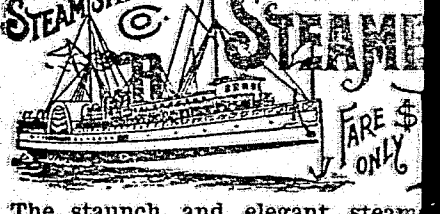
For Lewiston and Portland, 8.50 a. m.  
For Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 1.45 p. m.  
For Berlin, 9.10 a. m.

#### ARRIVALS.

From Boston, Portland and Lewiston, 3.45 p. m., 8.00 p. m.  
From Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 4.25 p. m.

For tickets and full particulars ap- ply to

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The staunch and elegant steam- ship, "Tremont," alternates between Portland and Boston, at 7.00 p. m., daily, Sundays excepted. These steamers meet every demand of steamship service in safety, speed, and luxury of traveling. Through tickets for Providence, Worcester, New York, etc.

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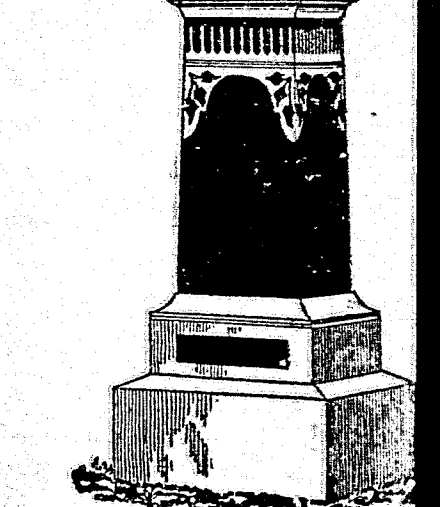
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ELM HOUSE, NORWAY,  
EVERY MONTH.

At Walker House, Fryeburg,  
At K. of P. Bldg., Bridgton,  
At Rumford Falls, February 12  
At Lewiston Office every Monday  
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For Lewiston, Portland and Boston, 5.00 a. m.; 8.20 a. m.; 10.00 p. m.

For Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 9.45 a. m.; 7.45 p. m.

For Island Pond and way stations, 3.30 p. m.

#### ARRIVALS.

From Boston, Portland, and Lewiston, 9.58 a. m.; 3.45 p. m.; 8.02 p. m.

From Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 6.08 a. m.; 4.25 p. m.

From Island Pond and way stations, 6.33 a. m.

#### Sunday Trains.

For Lewiston and Portland, 8.50 a. m.

For Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 7.45 p. m.

For Berlin, 9.10 a. m.

#### ARRIVALS.

From Boston, Portland and Lewiston, 9.20 a. m.; 8.03 p. m.

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HARRISON, MAINE. 1847

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### Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.

Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism. 15¢ and 25¢.

### Watchman, What of the Night?

Written for the Advertiser.

Oh, a scenic feast Was the gorgeous glow In the flaming east On the frozen snow When the darkness ceased And the sun rose, slow Like a cake of yeast In a batch of dough, CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.

### A Great Bear Fight.

Five Bears Killed in Six Minutes by Buckskin Sam.

I had a conversation with Buckskin Sam, who was formerly a scout for General Custer, and who has been for the last three or four years a guide for hunters and fishermen at the Rangeley lakes, with headquarters at Bemis. He has come to Tugus to spend the rest of the winter, but expects to return to Bemis when the season opens in the spring. I asked him to give me some points about the lakes and ab at the Maine hunting, and the following is his reply:

"The year 1900," said Buckskin Sam, "was the most successful season for sportsmen at the Rangeley for many years past. The hotels and cottages were full almost to overflowing, and the fishing was also fine. Some bears were killed and a considerable number of deer but the guides seemed to be anxious that the moose should increase, and that may be one reason that few moose were killed in the Rangeley country, at least compared to those slain in former years. A great many sportsmen and visitors came to the lakes from various parts of the United States, from Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, New York and many other places.

"You ask me about my book," he continued, "it is entitled, 'Life and Adventures of Buckskin Sam,' written by himself and was printed by the Rumford Falls Publishing Co. The book contains 185 pages and the price is \$1.00 per copy. The first copy was not issued until June 1, 1900, and in three months thereafter I sold 450 copies. I have been around the world twice, and in the book I give a sketch of my adventures from boyhood almost to the present time, including short stories, tales of the civil war, scouting with Custer, the surrender of Robert E. Lee, and a few poems."

And here is an account of his last bear fight, given almost as he narrated it to me:

"On the 17th day of October, 1898," said Buckskin Sam, "I killed five full grown black bears in six minutes, in the town of Byron on West mountain. You ask how I came to run across so many bears at once. It happened in this way: I had been out hunting for deer, but did not see even one. I went up the side of the mountain next to Weld, and when I had reached the top of the mountain my eye could command a view of the country for several miles. Then I began to descend on the west side of the mountain, and when I had traveled a short distance I came to a 'blow down.' In this there were some fallen spruce trees, and as I stood there picking off a few pieces of the gum, I heard a noise behind me, I grabbed my Winchester repeating rifle in which there were only three cartridges, and on turning around I saw five bears.

"There I was almost in a corner, but at the first shot I dropped one bear and then I shot two more on the other side of a log my second shot killing two bears. Then I shot another bear, but the fifth bear stood on his hind feet close to me. He struck me with his paw, knocked off my hat and scratched me on the hand, but I dodged the main force of the blow. Then he struck me a second time and pushed me against a tree and tore my clothes, but as I had my hunting knife handy I buried it to the hilt in his breast. Then I jumped back a short distance to reload my rifle, and in the meantime the bear got behind a rock and look around a corner to watch me. I fired and hit him on the side of the face. Then he backed away from me and I gave him two shots in the neck. The bear gave a few growls and tumbled down over a ledge, probably about a hundred feet, into a cave below, where I could not get at him.

"In this fight the bear had torn off my sweater and my vest and here on my right hand you can see the two scars remaining yet to show where he scratched me with his paw. I came out of that fight with my hands and face bleeding, but my slight wounds soon healed and I afterwards took my revenge in selling bear pelts and meat. I sold the bear skins to Joe Edmunds of Dixfield, and the meat I took to Boston and sold in Faneuil Hall market. For two of the best bears I received \$45. I have that old sweater now which I have preserved as a reminder of what I believe to be one of the greatest bear fights on record, for it was six minutes to 12 o'clock when I commenced the encounter, and just 12 o'clock when I got through. A sportsman from Boston offered me \$5 for the sweater, but I concluded not to sell it to him."

Then I asked Sam a few questions about bears and he said:

"Early in the spring, say along in March, the pelt of a bear is at its 'best,' as during the time they are in winter quarters their fur grows long and thick, so that skins taken about that time command the highest price in the market. And here I may mention one fact that perhaps is not generally known and that is that bears den up according to the time that there is a heavy fall of snow. When the snow becomes so deep that they cannot walk through it with comfort, they hunt up their home for the winter. The past season they dened up early, say along in the first part of December. And there is another point in regard to the place where bears hibernate. If a bear dies a den he will, when grown, seek out a den in winter. But if he was born in a hollow log or under a stump of a tree he will seek similar places when the time comes for him to enter some sort of a winter habitation. When the mother bear comes out of her den the cubs are old enough to travel with her, and they remain with the old bear all the following summer and winter but when another lot of young bears are born the mother drives the yearling bears away, so that they may shift for themselves and allow the very small ones a chance in the great battle of life."

—Maine Woods.

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Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism. 15¢ and 25¢.

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I had a conversation with Buckskin Sam, who was formerly a scout for General Custer, and who has been for the last three or four years a guide for hunters and fishermen at the Rangeley lakes, with headquarters at Bemis. He has come to Tugus to spend the rest of the winter, but expects to return to Bemis when the season opens in the spring. I asked him to give me some points about the lakes and ab at the Maine hunting, and the following is his reply:

"The year 1900," said Buckskin Sam, "was the most successful season for sportsmen at the Rangeley for many years past. The hotels and cottages were full almost to overflowing, and the fishing was also fine. Some bears were killed and a considerable number of deer but the guides seemed to be anxious that the moose should increase, and that may be one reason that few moose were killed in the Rangeley country, at least compared to those slain in former years. A great many sportsmen and visitors came to the lakes from various parts of the United States, from Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, New York and many other places.

"You ask me about my book," he continued, "it is entitled, 'Life and Adventures of Buckskin Sam,' written by himself and was printed by the Rumford Falls Publishing Co. The book contains 185 pages and the price is \$1.00 per copy. The first copy was not issued until June 1, 1900, and in three months thereafter I sold 450 copies. I have been around the world twice, and in the book I give a sketch of my adventures from boyhood almost to the present time, including short stories, tales of the civil war, scouting with Custer, the surrender of Robert E. Lee, and a few poems."

And here is an account of his last bear fight, given almost as he narrated it to me:

"On the 17th day of October, 1898," said Buckskin Sam, "I killed five full grown black bears in six minutes, in the town of Byron on West mountain. You ask how I came to run across so many bears at once. It happened in this way: I had been out hunting for deer, but did not see even one. I went up the side of the mountain next to Weld, and when I had reached the top of the mountain my eye could command a view of the country for several miles. Then I began to descend on the west side of the mountain, and when I had traveled a short distance I came to a 'blow down.' In this there were some fallen spruce trees, and as I stood there picking off a few pieces of the gum, I heard a noise behind me, I grabbed my Winchester repeating rifle in which there were only three cartridges, and on turning around I saw five bears.

"There I was almost in a corner, but at the first shot I dropped one bear and then I shot two more on the other side of a log my second shot killing two bears. Then I shot another bear, but the fifth bear stood on his hind feet close to me. He struck me with his paw, knocked off my hat and scratched me on the hand, but I dodged the main force of the blow. Then he struck me a second time and pushed me against a tree and tore my clothes, but as I had my hunting knife handy I buried it to the hilt in his breast. Then I jumped back a short distance to reload my rifle, and in the meantime the bear got behind a rock and look around a corner to watch me. I fired and hit him on the side of the face. Then he backed away from me and I gave him two shots in the neck. The bear gave a few growls and tumbled down over a ledge, probably about a hundred feet, into a cave below, where I could not get at him.

"In this fight the bear had torn off my sweater and my vest and here on my right hand you can see the two scars remaining yet to show where he scratched me with his paw. I came out of that fight with my hands and face bleeding, but my slight wounds soon healed and I afterwards took my revenge in selling bear pelts and meat. I sold the bear skins to Joe Edmunds of Dixfield, and the meat I took to Boston and sold in Faneuil Hall market. For two of the best bears I received \$45. I have that old sweater now which I have preserved as a reminder of what I believe to be one of the greatest bear fights on record, for it was six minutes to 12 o'clock when I commenced the encounter, and just 12 o'clock when I got through. A sportsman from Boston offered me \$5 for the sweater, but I concluded not to sell it to him."

Then I asked Sam a few questions about bears and he said:

"Early in the spring, say along in March, the pelt of a bear is at its 'best,' as during the time they are in winter quarters their fur grows long and thick, so that skins taken about that time command the highest price in the market. And here I may mention one fact that perhaps is not generally known and that is that bears den up according to the time that there is a heavy fall of snow. When the snow becomes so deep that they cannot walk through it with comfort, they hunt up their home for the winter. The past season they dened up early, say along in the first part of December. And there is another point in regard to the place where bears hibernate. If a bear dies a den he will, when grown, seek out a den in winter. But if he was born in a hollow log or under a stump of a tree he will seek similar places when the time comes for him to enter some sort of a winter habitation. When the mother bear comes out of her den the cubs are old enough to travel with her, and they remain with the old bear all the following summer and winter but when another lot of young bears are born the mother drives the yearling bears away, so that they may shift for themselves and allow the very small ones a chance in the great battle of life."

—Maine Woods.

### Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.

Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism. 15¢ and 25¢.

### T. T. Hobbs.

Mr. Thomas T. Hobbs, a well known resident of Benton Harbor, Mich., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Gilson, Monday morning, in his 71st year, after a long and gradual decline in health and an illness of but ten days' duration. The funeral services were held at the house on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, conducted by Rev. A. K. Beem, with burial in Morton cemetery.

Thomas Thompson Hobbs was born in Norway, May 2, 1830, and spent his boyhood and early manhood in Maine, becoming a builder and contractor. He helped build hotels and railway structures particularly along what is now the Grand Trunk railroad, going to Island Pond with his workmen when they had clear away the brush and begin work.

He came west and settled in Indiana near Terre Haute, where he married Huldah Creal. He built mills, houses and other buildings in that vicinity. Later he moved to Wisconsin, then to Iowa, and settled in 1857 at DeWitt, where he was engaged in mercantile business for over twenty years until he retired from business and went to Benton Harbor in 1888, to live near his children.

He was a tall man of the physical build of the first Universalist minister of the Benton Fuel Company, of which his son is president and manager, and employed some of his time for some years past at the coal office. He was a devoted member of the First Universalist church, a man of genial disposition and generous nature and personally esteemed by all who knew him.

Mr. Hobbs is survived by his wife and faithful companion of many years, herself in feeble health and four children: Fred A. Hobbs and Mrs. P. R. Gilson of Benton Harbor, and Mrs. Robert A. Smyth and Mrs. Willard S. Bracken of Chicago.

"Grip made me very weak and nervous with tightness of chest and headache. Mr. Miles' Pain Pills and Nerve gave me quick relief."—Mrs. Clarinda Butler, W. Wheeling, O.

### NORTH LOVELL.

Benjamin McKee is cutting pine timber.

Very beautiful moonlight evenings just now.

Florence and Louise McKee were at home over Sunday.

Mr. Benjamin Palmer has been visiting relatives at Lovell, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fox visited at Mr. McKee's, last Friday. They were on their way to the Governor's reception at Norway.

The N. L. D. C. had a box supper at their club room, Friday evening. A very pleasant occasion and every one seemed to have a good time.

### Some Tonics Make Drunkards,

but Cleveland's Celery Compound Tea contains no alcohol—it is the quickest and surest cure in the world for Nervous Prostration, Constipation, Indigestion, and all diseases of the Blood, Kidneys and Liver. There is health and vigor in every ounce of it. We will give you a free trial package. Large packages, 25 cents. Williams & Kimball, Norway; E. P. Parlin, South Paris.

Edward Graffam and the negro, William Hands, have received a verdict from the coroner's jury of wilful murder.

### MAYDOLE'S HAMMER.

(Benson's Plaster is Pain's Master.)

When Maydole was told that he made "a pretty good hammer," he said, "No, I don't make a 'pretty good hammer,' I make the best hammer that ever was made."

Every carpenter who saw a Maydole hammer wanted one. It was of the best material, perfectly balanced, and the head never flew off. Hammers were divided into two classes—1st, Maydole's; 2d, all the rest. Plasters are separated by the same line of cleavage; 1st, Benson's Plaster; 2d, all the rest. When, for rheumatism, a cold, a cough, kidney trouble or any other disease or ailment that may be treated externally, you ask for a plaster, any honest, reputable druggist will give you a Benson's. He knows it is incomparably the best, and he assumes that you know it too. As the name of Maydole stood for hammers the name of Benson stands for plasters—the "leading" of all the medicine.

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An army of physicians and druggists, and millions of the people have written of Benson's Plaster as a remedy to be trusted. Benson's Plaster has fifty-five highest awards. Accept no substitute.

For sale by all druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States, on receipt of 50c. each. Seabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.

### Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Assets Dec. 31, 1900.

Real estate, \$562,716 91

Loans on mortgage, \$20,187 64

Stocks and bonds, \$2,512,121 25

Loans secured by collateral, \$181,100 00

Cash in bank, \$190,554 50

Elts receivable, \$1,500 00

Interest due and accrued, \$7,703 64

Uncollected premiums, \$1,711 62

All other claims, \$6,122 25

\$4,013,676 76

### LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1900.

Unpaid losses and claims, \$176,694 22

Unearned premiums, \$1,413,288 18

Reinsured business, \$1,825 21

Total amount of liabilities, \$1,611,807 61

Cash capital, \$1,000,000 00

Surplus, \$1,241,868 15

Total liabilities and surplus, \$4,013,676 76

CHAS. G. MASON, Agent, Norway, Me.

### Providence-Washington Insurance Co.

OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Assets Dec. 31, 1900.

Real Estate, \$1,776,338 00

Stocks and bonds, \$106,927 26

Cash in office and bank, \$7,115 37

Agents' balances, \$207,007 34

All other assets, \$7,044 13

Gross Assets, \$2,122,297 43

### LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1900.

Net unpaid losses, \$192,424 12

Unearned Premiums, \$629,440 49

Total, \$821,864 61

Cash Capital, \$1,000,000 00

Surplus over all liabilities, \$1,241,868 15

Total liabilities and surplus, \$4,013,676 76

CHAS. G. MASON, Agent, Norway, Me.

### Queen Insurance Company of America

Assets Dec. 31, 1900.

Real Estate, \$720,164 73

Stocks and bonds, \$2,424,316 73

Cash in office and bank, \$27,737 13

Stocks and bonds, \$7,115 37

Uncollected premiums, \$351,138 50

All other assets, \$48 00

Gross and admitted assets, \$4,701,381 76

### LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1900.

Net unpaid losses, \$192,424 12

Unearned Premiums, \$629,440 49

Total, \$821,864 61

Cash Capital, \$1,000,000 00

Surplus over all liabilities, \$1,241,868 15

Total liabilities and surplus, \$4,701,381 76

W. J. WHEELER & Co., Agts., So. Paris, Me.

### IN London, in 1763, the haute noblesse

gave afternoon teas. That was the beginning of five o'clock entertaining.

It has continued for a century and a half. Good tea inspires brilliant conversation, and is as indispensable where ladies and gentlemen meet as are cigars at a gentlemen's club. But the tea should be the finest quality, for many persons have acquired a cultivated taste for tea from drinking Chase & Sanborn's "Original Package" Teas. In fact, an original package tea should always be used on social occasions.

"ORIGINAL PACKAGE" TEAS.

OLIOFF (Finnish Celery), KOREA-ROOF (Eng. Breakfast), ORANGE PEACH (India & Ceylon).

### A NEW LOT OF WHITE IRON BEDS



